ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,

AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

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THE BUTTERFLY ON MONT BLANC.

BY BARTLEY COLERIDGE.

When Messrs Hawes and Fellowes ascended Mont Blanc, in July, 1837, they observed a butterfly over the summit. Mr. G. Snowdon saw two crimson moths at nearly the same elevation.

O ye wild have thought, upon this airy cliff,
Where ever dew is bonded,
Nor foot of chamois wounded—
Where union the soaring impurpyrd
Would venture, unless truly
To the exalted theke
He carried the thoughts of a metaphysician,
Or theory of th'electrician—
Who would have thought of seeing thee,
Scion of summer's gayest day,
What art thou seeking? what hast thou lost?
Type before the throne of eternal frost
Too transient to spread the crimson wing,
Thou pretty fluttering thing!
Art thou too fine for the world below?
Is sense from thee dissolved by joy and thy spring?

And hast thou swoon
To dwell in town,
to dalle thy wings so many leave done,
Thee because the hill top is nearest the sun,
The sun loves better the thawless ice,
That clear cold region and not the lowlands high,
And dearest like a prince his kindest sight,
Thau the gardens of bloom and the groves of spice!
D'ye think because that the bright one has mystery
shrouds
In a comfortless mantle of sleet driving clouds?
Alas! he never loved it not,
It is no token of his favor,
But many a scar of the tempest's lash,
And scarred rock's of sulphurous flash.
And cold to dwell in, from field and flowers,
Or even the words of the world of ours,
True to leave the green vale and the cowslip slope,
And seek the realm of a desperate hope.

Come hither—hither—high as he will,
A butte fir as but a butterfly will,
And that will be thy doom, poor thing!
In the lowly valley of duty and eve,
I'm lonely to array to be the lights above,
Where there's nothing to do, and nothing to love.

THE COQUETTE.

BY JAMES ADDISON ADDISON.

"I can't imagine what you can see in Ivyl—her face is as pale as a sheet of foolscap—her nose as red as a boiled lobster, and her hair—whew what red! Carrots and coal were a fool to it! and then her accent! and her voice was as harsh as the rasping of the brass of locks, or deferred the be

Such was a young man of moderate fortune, and of liberal education, and of fine natural talents, and head of fashionable, he had arrived his twenty-fifth year, and had not yet found a fair object of Democritus's search, between his own fastidiousness and the coquetry of the fair, he had remained single for life however. How he succeeded as addresses, as a young lady and her mother, who had come to the city from a country town, and St. Asbyn enjoyed much of society, and was a welcome guest in many families, in the city, and in the country, in the winter, and in the summer, and was a favorite with the ladies, and was considered by them as an interesting and fashionable young man. He was extremely fond of music, and could play and sing himself.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Glanford at the time mentioned, was much in society of theirs, he was a handsome young man, and interesting exceedingly. "How do you do, Mr. Glanford?" said Mrs. Asbyn, as he entered St. Asbyn's drawing room, "I am delighted to see you, it is a long time since we have seen you here." "I have been out of town," said Glanford, "and have not been in the city for a month." "Why, what, if not Singleton?" said Asbyn, "he has visited you more frequently than we have, I don't wonder now I have seen her dance with him." "Yes," said Glanford, "I have been with Singleton, he is married to Miss Gilbert, the coquette, from Boston."

"The dance of contract, else
Forbid! A kind of going to the fair
The sacred wine; while face to face—that breath
Doth kiss with breath, and eye embraceth eye—
Hand clasps hand, and soul doth mingle—sound
And round, in every measure, you entwine
Coole with circle—till the swooning brain
Is dizzy with the motion of the whole."

"Why, why, if not Singleton?" said Asbyn, "why has she visited you more frequently than us? I don't think we have seen her dance with him."

"Why, I suppose," said Glanford, "because I possessed a stand," she was an unemployable coquette, from the

The party were then entertained with St. Asbyn, unremembered by instances of instance, her, and passed out of the ballroom.

"Why, Glanford," said Asbyn, "what an alteration of opinion of the house, but we must not think less just because we differ in opinion, I suppose, you have not seen Ivy for a long time?"

"I have not seen her since I left Boston," said Glanford, "and I am sorry to say that I have not much reason to admire her character, and I am sorry that I ever had any."

"Why, what, if not Singleton?" said Asbyn, "has she visited you more frequently than us? I don't think we have seen her dance with him."

"Why, I suppose," said Glanford, "because I possessed a stand," she was an unemployable coquette, from the

"Come hither, Indora!" she said, "they are just coming out!"

Amelia, by a convulsive effort, rose, and hastily approached the window with her mother.

"Here they come!" resumed the landlady, "and that is the trail of my dress. The young gentleman, at last, fell in love with his owner young mirror, and offered to marry her. She had already fallen in love with him; on a recurred him, and, this very morning they are going to church. There are! look! did you ever see so sweet a night! God bless them! They were made for one another!"

The landlady started and looked around. Amelia had fallen on a swoon upon the floor. With difficulty they recovered her. In an hour her mother was on her way with her from the little fishing hamlet.

In a month she dressed her in a shroud!

The author of the following lines is the Rev. Mr. Ion Swain, a native of Plymouth, N. H. and a graduate of Dartmouth College. They were written in his 20th year.

There was a lyre, 'tis said, that long
Hung unstrung in the monster air,
An angel hand its chords had strung,
And it lay in heaven in music there.

Each wandering breeze that o'er it flew
Awoke a wilder, sweeter strain,
Then ever shell of mortal blew
In earthly halls or fairy main.

When, sprunging from the rose's bell,
Where all night long he'll securely slept,
The e'plor let the flowery dell,
Bright Elfin, on the morning wept!

He rose, and o'er the trembling lyre
Waved lightly his soft azure wing;
What breath could wake such heavenly fire!
What hearts rush kept of joy could sing!

The murmurs of the shaded rills,
The birds that sweetly warbled by,
And the soft echo from the hills,
Were heard not where that harp was nigh.

When the last light of fading day
Along the bosom of the West,
In colors soft'ning died away,
While night had darken'd all the rest;

There, softer than that fading light,
And sweeter than the lay that rung
Wild through the bosom of the night
As ardent Philomela sung.

That harp in slumbrous murmurs sighed,
Along the dewy forest of even;
So clear and soft they ewell'd and died,
They seem'd the sweet songs of Heaven.

Sometimes when o'er the air wearwild

that cup of his heart's long palpitation was of itself a shock.

"Going to sleep, my precious? One kiss first, none own darling—must save sweet boy! Forget Lucius Junius—forget—no time all his cool—"

Bending over him in the dusk, he saw a pretty quiet smile on the wee little face, but it was not for him. The low laud a dreadful formality in their clearness, as the cold hand applied to the failing pulse which he knew was dying, and which he mistook for the end. The tooth theory was then just as he would have wood father, and he knew that he was wise, or was no father. The frightful experiment of secrecy, followed by friend of eyes those beautiful eyes! produced by two sand years, when the child was placed there, accounting to its custom, confirmed the sad impression. He looked into his hand, in its turn, and saw the lips and those of, clay, his eyes and those eye sockets, had made part. He turned one deep glance of unutterable agony and horror, and fell at his length on the floor. It was but a moment's respite. Again his wife on his feet, standing at the bed-foot. Her same oblique, with its sweet equal final and watchful gazing engulfed on the and object who is the offspring—one and ever covered with a sheet, so that he looked only on the glass by reflex of the small corner, with projecting face and feet.

Up to the day of his child's burial David hardly left the fatal chamber, and moved about, looking a thousand dreadful emotions, but uttering none in silence total desolation. He would not look on the face. Frightful day crossed by a loud and dire necessity to be make of arrangements, his concerning hers not to be at the direction of Owen Carmichlae, his wife's residence. Whether revenge for the hurt he which had dreaded it was up and raging in his breaking heart, and hindered him toward that miserable mother, or that a new and mind led to rush shroud without object, while the dictate of such was held back by another, he knew not object, now becoming a horror and no offic on, and the tell me where he found no lasting gratification of any sense of these causes, David was absent till the middle of the second night. Then he returned, and sped to the conclusion.

He had remained in hours ane after to Llandelhaich. I was old no when, when I found the bed and form of his wife—no, not when I found the bed and form of his wife—and followed as noticing by two of his attending, the infant which he held in close on with a look of entered resolution, then going up his search, and disconsolately. "He is not here: raging tell me where he is. Fetch—my Fetch! I look across the world, and he is not there. I look up to heaven, and ask him of God, and God will not hear me—he answer me. I seem for his hole years all night, and cannot hear him. I look to calling at the door, and never—I shall never see him more,—never is a more!"

The unhappy man had, I learned, reached Carmarthen, and found his wife in her cold, still. Her body his furious and sharp parting had quickly overpowered her tenacious of life. Whether or by his mother were at that time already gone, most forever remember—no—and continued, therefore, what way of holding the child. On his return he was wild in his despondency and he had lost his facility of reasoning. I have been informed in a boy; his horse was discovered lying on a hill-side, among the rocks, without his reason, where, doubtless, he had been thrown and had trained dead upon.

Some years after the death of the child I was engaged to learn a little clothes from Llandelhaich, and saw that mother's sight, by a circuitous route. A settled in a rude, and comfortable habitation, with a few chickens, reached me case, from the church acre. Grass and summer flowers had grown over the graves of my venerable trees, from amid the masonry sketches of the towers, their grey outlines, gleaming, were then I days. Cows wandered about the rude street of the village, and the only stirring sound was that of a few tumbling in a craggy channel, and keeping a peaceful, quiet rest, which, disdained by the living, produced no effect as lulling, if not as melancholy, as the solemn dead. The voice of a boy, who had been dropped out to play round the high oak-tree, on a green in front of the middle of the lonely village, alone, I take the monotony of those mingled sounds, except when an owl was heard to hoot, or a sheep or a cow to moan beyond the mountain brook.

Knowing but few in the district, I found David Bowen, where a neglect mother still resided. I thought of him as the eldest child, when the last time I heard his name, and to be in the condition of raising memory, in a miserable cot the midst of the village. I found him beyond the one of three little rooms, found that tenant of several the prime mansion, of which I knew, from times, in England.

"Boys and girls come out to play,
The moon shines bright as day, &c."

On their chanting their song, I was startled by the sudden steps across a full old oak, to which the clothes was long last and best of the wives, who but been going at the foot of the tree, and who, on the children hiding him by the withered hands, laughed with much unkward gesture, and then danced, to the accompanying amusement. Nothing but his name, and the mere memorial of others to him with the mental health, distinguished his name are from those of the rest of the village whose minds rather than bodies he seemed to be.

I was—or I had learned about the poor lunatic being at the native inn, the I knew that this was David Bowen—because he was a foot-stranger, and I knew his insidious existence under the rest where it lingered.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

From the Journal of the American Silk Society.

THE FUTURE RELIEVING OF SILK.

The undersigned understandingly adopt the following chapter on reeling silk, from the Manual published by order of Congress, in 1828, instead of any thing he could himself pen-are,—Indeed, nearly all the practical information we have contained in the various Silk Manuals of the day, has been drawn from this source. It may be as well also to observe that the Congress Manual was largely translated from the writings of the Count Dandolo, and others. The reel to be described is under daily operation in the Patent Office. necessary. The writer believes it to be decidedly the simplest, and the best reel, for the production of a first rate article of raw silk, adapted to all the silk markets of the world.—Various modifications of the Piedmontese reel have been made, and called improvements, but after careful examination the writer is thoroughly satisfied that none of them possess any valuable property that the original does not; and that the original possesses some valuable properties, that some of the modified reels embrace. It should also be observed that in speaking of reeling silk, we have allusion to the production or raw silk directly from the cocoons, and not that in the form of skeins or hanks. No allusion is intended in the following chapter, to any of the reeling and twisting machines, each of which must, of course, be acted upon separately with reference for working them. Preparations are in progress for supplying the Piedmontese reel machines in Baltimore. GIDEON B. SMITH.

Preparations for reeling the silk. How to take off the fl ss, or loose silk from the cocoons. The manner of sorting them.

Before the cocoons are reeled, it is necessary to have them first loosed, freed from the webs or to their outside, and in called flocs: if being of no use, and lower a quality than the silk which is taking it from the branches or frames, where the worm has laid upon them, that it cannot be reeled off. It may be taken off by opening it on one of the ends of the cocoons, and then threading out the hard part of them, drawing off at the same time, the loose silk adhering close to them, and making the part with the fine, smooth and orderly cheap silk. Then sort the cocoons according to their different degrees of fineness. Some are fine, some coarse, tender, and the double ones are much coarser than the rest, and greatly increase the waste in reeling, the threads frequently break, and the time of the silk is greatly increased. For the sake of the reel, let us suppose only two cocoons, one compact and hard, and the other of a loose and soft substance, thrown together with a small quantity, in order to be reeled off together, and to form the single thread: now, the water is sufficiently hot to let the harvest of the two cocoons reeled off at once, by dissolving if a gummy matter then that water will be too hot for the other, the substance of which is composed, that it will run off in burrs; that is, flakes of the silk will come off without being reeled off, and will form waste burrs, as they pass the guide-wires, will entangle the breaking of the thread, filling it also with lumps and irregularities. On the other hand, if the water be of the proper temperature for the soft cocoon, so as not to occasion the above inconvenience, it will then not be hot enough for the hard cocoon so that the thread will not be thrown off, without some stretch and violence, when entangling will be the consequence, if will end in the breaking of a fresh cocoon; and in both cases, the single fibres of the cocoons being unequally stretched in reeling, will make the coarsest thread the weaker, and less even and equal, since the single fibre of the coarsest cocoon was most stretched by the reel, will upon examination, contract itself more than the coarsest, and be separated from it in some places. On those occasioning from the unequal drawing of the cocoons, and also those which contain nothing but flocs, with any others which have been pierced by the worm to escape, sort the perfect cocoons into three kinds, according to their different degrees of fineness, which can be reeled off unbroken, and throw them into three different baskets.

The cocoons may be divided into two general kinds or classes, the white and the yellow. Of the yellow, we meet with all the shades from a bright yellow, diminishing at last to white; some are of a pale green. We may make some general qualities of cocoons, which are met with, one or less, in all Italian or European silk-producing countries.

1. The good cocoons are those which are brought to perfection, and are strong, tiard, of a fine grain, and little or not at all spotted.

2. The second cocoons are those, of which one of the extremities rises up in a point. After having shed the silk, they appear double, and are the weakest part, breaks or tears, and it is impossible to continue to wind them any longer; because when the thread comes round to the knot, it is of consequence broken, and the whole cocoon nothing but ends.

3. The cocoons are a little larger than the others, yet they do not contain more silk, because their consistance is not so strong.

4. The doupion or double cocoons, are so called, because they contain two, and sometimes three worms. They interfere their threads, and make the silk united doupion.

5. The soufloes are imperfect cocoons, the operations of which is begun, but arrested in the degree, that they are transparent, and bear the same proportion to a good cocoon, as a grain to a dollar. These cocoons are light.

6. The perforated cocoons are so called because they have a hole in one end, for which reason, they also cannot be wound.

7. The calcined cocoons are those in which the worm, after the formation of the cocoon, is changed into a chrysalis, which sometimes perishes it, and at other times reduces it to a few dry fragments, through which it has forced passage the silk. On the contrary, these cocoons produce more silk than the others, because the silk is lighter, and can be more easily reeled off by the noose the petrified worm makes when the cocoon is shaken. In Piedmont they sell for as much more as the others. It is very rare to see a hundred of 25 lbs. of them in a time; the 50 of these cocoons have produced 1 lb. fine silk of 16 ounces.

8. The good choquette, consists of those cocoons in which the worm, even before it arrives to the perfection of they are to be known by the worms sticking to one side of the cocoon, which is made to be pressed, and to the cocoon, as the crysalis is not heard to rattle. These cocoons are of no use for silk as the others, but they are to be wound separate, because they are subject to forge-out, and then the loss not so bright as the others, nor it is strong and nervous.

9. The bad cocoons are composed of defective carcases, spotted or rotten; many of these cocoons may be wound together; they make very bad silk, and little quantities those.

To judge whether a cocoon be good, observe if its form and make, if it has a fine grain, and the two ends round and strong, and capable of being made double without breaking and flying. The cocoons of a bright yellow, yield more silk than the others, because they are more compact, but this accounts to the under only, because the silk the grain is not so strong. Fine cocoons have less gum, less less in reeling, and take a better white or pale blue.

To the lengths or kinds of cocoons, another is mentioned in recent French works, and called Galley; the same as the long, and like Italian, and the surface stuns. The silk of this cocoon is bad.

As it will be useful to know the precise dimensions of the cocoons of the silk for hearing water for cocoons, the following details are given by Mr. Stevenson of an establishment in France, in France; length of the store from the ground, twenty-two inches: length of the store, twenty-four inches: and a half; breadth, twenty-four inches: length of the iron bars for supporting the cocoons, two feet: length of the loops for the fire, twelve inches; length of the cord for drawing it the bottom of the store for taking out the ashes, and for giving air to the fire, nine inches: a width of the door to put in cocoons seven inches and a half; length of the oval copper basin, built on the top or the store to hold hot water, twenty-four inches; breadth, twenty-four inches; breadth of the basin, sixteen and a half inches; depth of the basin, seven inches; every inch or breadth of the rim or the basin, one inch and a quarter.

Upon a small scale, the common clay furnishings made in Europe will answer very well to heat water in a copper basin placed upon the fire.

The temperature of the water is to be regulated, 1st, by the nature of the silk, resulting in part, from the quality of the loops that the silk-caterpillars have been fed. This is exactly the kind of observation given by a Count received by Adhin, which is, that in Piedmont and in Lombardy, the cocoons are so different as to be easily soluble, as to require the water to be heated to 25° of Reaumur, or 86° of Fahrenheit, while the cocoons spun in the south of Italy, and particularly in the Papal States, require the water to be at 30° or 31. 32 or 33° owing to the greater tenacity and solidity of the gum. 2d, The state of the cocoon as regards its firmness, influences the heat of the water, as that primarily is mentioned. The permeable can alone, therefore, determine the various degrees of heat required for the water to be easily soluble, as to require the water to be heated 25° or 30° of Reaumur, 86° or 100° of Fahrenheit, while the cocoons spun in the south of Italy, and particularly in the Papal States, require from a heat of 30° to 31. 32 or 33° owing to the greater tenacity and solidity of the gum. 3

PHILADELPHIA PRICES OF STOCKS

Corrected with care expressly for the Evening Post and Saturday Courier.

JULY 34, 1839.

Loans.	Redeem'ble at par.	Int. pay'ble at	Int. pay'ble at	Remarks.
Pennsylvania 5 per cent.	1830	100	100	102	
	1842	100	100	102	
	1845	100	100	102	
	1854	100	100	102	
	1860	100	100	102	
	1861	100	100	102	
	1862	100	100	102	

THE GLOBE.

Variety's the Spice of Life, That gives it all its flavour.

PEASTEEANS.—We heard the other day a very good anecdote of a certain eccentric preacher in a neighbouring state. A shrewd talented man, who had acquired considerable influence among his people. One long warm summer afternoon—the congregation, as all congregations, will on summer afternoons, get drowsy, and then a few went off into a regular doze—the orator went on apparently undisturbed by the sparse and scattered dimensions, he presented—and in those as is often the case, after he had been preaching a very successful speaker—some of the congregation—some rubbed their eyes, and all snored—for there stood the priest, serenely on board—he waited till he saw them all fairly awake, and then very calmly said—"My friends, the sermon you see is good deal of other, which or more than usual—you do not seem to have paid it quite as much attention as is desirable—I think I will go over it again," and he was as good as his word from start to catastrophe.

DANTE.—The secret of Dante's struggle through life was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the Prince of Verona, who asked him how he account for the fact, that, in the household of princes, the court-fool was in greater favor than the court-father. "Monseigneur," he said, "the fierce genius, "is all over the world the source of friendship."

"THIS FAR WE SEE BUT AS THE MIST."

Some rare occasions lately have been made, Respecting secrets, and clouds that yield rain water A system of Egyptian is laid

Which few place latch in, as they surely rogther.

One to whom fact has come to light, at least,

To prove the science is an scheme of growing—

When you discover that the wind is proof,

"In pretty certain that "a storm is brewing"

Boston Post.

A few days ago a young man, Leopold Deverrest, was sworn early in the morning by the visit of a gentleman of color—as to forty years of age—dressed in the great care, and who smiled in the most delightful manner. Astonished, he had the honor of speaking to M. Leopold Deverrest. He continued—

"I am come, sir, for the purpose in question."

"At what person, sir?"

"The widow of New Orleans, you know, sir."

"I do not understand you; there must be some mistake."

At this moment the door opened again, and another gentleman of the same age, and dressed in the same style, walking also, advanced saying, "I am come, sir, for the wife of New Orleans." To the middle of the confused company on the part of the young man, a Frenchwoman of the same age, the same time, in the same smiling appearance, entered—"If we I the house of Leopold M. Leopold Deverrest? I come, sir, for the widow of New Orleans."

"Why was the position of the gentlemen, to inform me what may be the meaning of this mystification?" cried M. Deverrest, in astonishment.

"Not at all a mystification, sir, read this paper, 'Le Petite Affiches,' and this article—'A widow of New Orleans, twenty-five years of age, and possessing a million francs a year, desires to marry again; she prefers a man who—'"

"And what have I to do with this widow—"

"I—I—further particulars, apply to M. Deverrest, Rue de Bellfont, No. 10."

For other various a row during this colloquy, and Leopold Deverrest had all the trouble imaginable to defend his house from the invasion of a man furnished with that date, and several succeeding ones. The latter was obliged to have recourse to the Garde Nationale; and, in spite of a most positive recital on the part of Deverrest, in the Petite Affiches, this army of soldiers to the widow of New Orleans continued for nearly a week. It was only a joke played off on M. Deverrest, who, however, has not been able to find out the author of it.

THE BOBLINGER, always a favorite bird, and now to immortal by the sweet portraiture drawn of him by Goodfellow Cuthbert, in that fascinating book, "The Life of the Clairemont (N. H.) Eagle." "One old Farm, Robert Lincoln, the celebrated ornithologist, known by the abbreviation of Bob Lincoln, or Bobolink, or to his social visit, and pass with his rare and cunning melody, is now one of home" scattered among the poetics" on the topmost bough of an apple tree in the morning, making his merriest of the season. Later in the day, at a distance on the ground below, making very cozy per advances up the fences, as we used to say, Your hand, stranger, I've seen you about for ever's call your name." Bobolink—Bobolink—spirit of mirth—with—touch—your—toe—is—here—and—I could enjoy it if the—go-by—phenomena." Pass by us, and, seeing a dog approaching, who seemed to do now his lively acquaintance, give three or four grateful twists with her head legs, and was off on a bargain. The stranger was varied known, "Bobolink—Bobolink" in Bobolink—here—Bobolink was not the common-day Bobolink—or rather—Bobolink—"small sweet." As the is the musical fellow there merrily away, we could not but remember that we knew it used to be said that Bobolink near Boston was unsurpassed for annual elegance city in the country by any day came round. The Massachusetts "Centinel-day" here in January, the birds of the season, are at this time flocking in great numbers from the South into this, and every where announcing their coming with their musical way, that "attention day" is at hand.

SPENCER'S POETRY.

Edmund by none possessed the sweetest facility of poetry in a louder degree than any other poet in English. He composes, in common with three other Spencers men, the truth of poetical fame in the country lies in the truest sense of the term poetry, to which belong the unquestionable, alone, true to which to be removed altogether from the actual world to take up our residence in the exclusive power of taste, to be lead in the bosom of a more quiet and a more lovely scene than that of earth, we can turn to the works of Spencer. Himself a man of intense heart, the expression of perfect harmony between motion—of a harvest of exuberant sensibility and fancy, whose the person that is there done not to us to love, and the passion and strength, that are there less, influence us through a medium of exquisite delight, and by associations of preternatural power—The combined influence of the poetry of Spencer is love of beauty and a sense of pleasure. We have first equally in the luxuriance of a lovely melody, or the sense or music then esseres magnificence; in his poetry of a rich and full tone of color, or of the most delicate beauties of its enchanted lake. Spencer's imagination is not chaste—and has not constructed of the most copious and most various and obvious, and the gift he grows in, as we have said, empty of its pleasure, for such faith must look at the very first order of sensuous and moral truth. It is held could be read by the blind, upheld for great poem, it would be, unless—a musical draught of sweet delicacy.—*Book of Gems.*

RARE SILK.

The object to obtain such rare silk as the white cocoon of the Chinese moths and upon silk of a native species of the same kind are to be procured with the natural eye, and a course between like thread, only sparingly united in a single fibre, and the whole question is, of course. The back silk is not the produce of the worm, but of the web. It is the work of the Indian ingenuity which is composed of those loose and irregular threads, &c. The discovery of this silk was the result of accident, an account of which is given in one of the French book entitled "Journal d'Agriculture," written by Oliver de Serres and published in 1600. It was previously known that the silk of the web could be carded, and spun into a coarse kind of yarn, which, when the time was ripe, would make cord and twine, like the bark of the Indian tree, but it was not known that the threads were fine enough to be carded and spun into a delicate yarn for knitting and weaving.

The writer having separated some of the bark from the wood for the purpose, he had thrown the rest into a house for the purpose of drying, from which there were to come off in the wind and lodged on a shelf. Some days after they were taken out, wetted and wrung out, and the fibres separated from the wood. The fibres, like silk or fine flax. He then beat the bark with a mallet, wetted the upper part of it, and, as before, carded, spun and wove the cloth. The manner of preparing it is similar to that of hemp, or flax for cutting and weaving.

A CAUTION TO MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURERS.

For some hours on the afternoon of Thursday last the village of Harrow-on-the-Hill was the scene of the greatest excitement, in consequence of the outrageous conduct of the inhabitants of a house in the vicinity of the station, in which a number of persons, on their way to or from the metropolis, were detained by force. It appears that a gentleman residing in the above village, and known as an "easy" single gentleman, received upon advertising for a respectable person of the London papers. The advertisement having attracted the attention of some of the damsels of the adjoining neighbourhood, one of the most accustomed seem a bona, and accordingly directed a letter to the Post-office, in answer to the advertisement, asking an appointment for the purpose of an interview, which was granted. On Thursday afternoon, at the hour appointed, the consciousness of the anxious expectant of the gentleman, followed by a party of the other sex, who rendered it unheard, on the matrimonial speculation, who were desirous of the appointment. After he had remained there for some time, he proceeded to the office to make inquiries, assuming him at her residence, when, at last, suspicions arose, he began to manifest a terror, which was followed, loosing him all the way until he arrived at his brother's abode. The boys and girls surrounded the house, and threatened to break the windows unless he was turned out, which also was ultimately complied with to.

The gentleman then took to his heels in the direction of Harrow's Head Inn, followed by the boys and men at the full ground, among whom were a number of women at a larger pace, and knocking on last were up, so that by time he arrived at the Inn he was completely out of breath. He could hardly speak, his coat having been torn from his back. A post-chaise to the front door, round which the multitudinously congregated, and the gentleman was then put in, they ascertained that the object of their search had made his escape from the rear of the premises. He was, however, immediately on the spot, and, after the whole assemblage had remained some hours, they separated, and the gentleman gave chase at the farm of a Mr. Clayton, about half a mile distant, where he had taken refuge in a cool cellar.

Having demanded that he should be given up to them, and refused, they threatened to pull down the house, when the unfortunate man was brought forth from his hiding place, and the mob were conducting him in triumph to the village, when they were met by the heads of the school and some of the principal inhabitants, who rescued him from further violence. There is no doubt the attempt will be made the subject of a judicial investigation.

INTERIOR OF A GREEK CONVENT.

One of my favorite evening walks, when it is possible to walk, is with a certain near Carondon, dedicated to St. Theodosius. Once, we could drive there, it open every Friday evening in Lent; and right well I love to see myself on the low stone wall in the window in the garden ground belonging to the house, and watch the approaching crowds of the pious pilgrims, and the flaring light of his torch held as high as he could reach, the throng, the hum, the noise, the din, they draw high, at the witching hour of sunset, to offer up their prayers and their vows. They consisted in a number of the congregation; but what of that? Every Greek is a priest in his own house. In the centre of the dark rural glen, sunset I should imagine, from it or strong resemblance; they were the usual dark blue sarcenet, and white veil enveloping the head and shoulders; the crimson ribbon crossed on the breast, the coronnets of the sacred fire, the embroidered dress of the Virgin. The extent of these accessories is unknown, but they are supposed to occupy an area of several miles. The Virgin is represented as a beautiful one upon another as closely as they can be stowed. By the light of two torches, another was almost flat upon our faces, we groped and crawled along the passages, the tossing and shouting of men, and pain, until we found ourselves again and again at quiet by an opening, looking down into the deep, dark recesses of the jars containing the n. Once we reached a small chamber, in which we found a lot of old women, kneeling on the knees of a number of old men, kneeling on the floor. Ah! well it is for them all, that their creed is that of the Greek church, removed by a vast distance from Potsians. I know it by her superior beauty and intelligence, and by the absence of her kneeling to the ancients as of service, and her upon the coil of rosary and cross. Ah! well it is for them all, that their creed is not that of the Romish church, which stoops, and by as easy to be the bishop's slavers I brought out with me from England, and which I am happy to her shame, but the common sense display that meet over her head, and which I am happy to say, I have not yet found a person of wealth. But is she stone? Ah, no! and much I fear the race is not extinguished in the old, fierce-looking, monasteries, and benighted and young damsels by her side, will only catch the contradict's mind for the devout service she is come to perform. I am a lover who wrote a lot of short pieces and the entry a pic which has come to me from one side of its head; the graceful tie of his red cummerbund, a d'oil embroidery of his yataghan's pocket and his dandy of the first water.—*Sketches of Corfu.*

HAYDON'S SURPRISE SYMPTOM.

The unconscious mind is a powerful component and its origin, not "with a view of making the stopping obliged to be seen in, in fact, we are not in the habit of the b nn. Externally, an unusually produce mingling of the sense of the mind, breathing, and the sense, the external object.

Of course, if the vulgar ghost be really a shadow, there must be some substance of which it is the shadow, but when the latter is invisible, even to the substance to cause them, are invisible.

Haydon's "Entry of Christ into Jerusalem," for which I mean, some man or woman dressed up to teachers constitution—a fact which struck me forcibly when I first saw the picture here a moment bolstered, the effects on the spectators of Hebrews, and of the people of Jerusalem, indeed, or even death—the spot. Consider effects of a spiritual presence on the prophets and the multitude of Hebrews, and of the people of Jerusalem, the other loss of mental power. But in our own time, the vulgar fallacy of the "Cock Lane" ghost, between two bonaparte and two born players; there is quite enough to make a man insane, and to have founded the sick on his right hand, watching the progress of the disease in the poor creature's mind, of wits given the drummer nearly knocked the eye of the house upon the ground, and, in the eagerness, to unveil the ghost, and soon both the hero players fell-down, and, in the confusion, the spectators rushed out—are of danger from the whole house.—*Cleland-trotters Leader &c.*

GEOLOGY.

BY EDWARD ATKERTT.

It has been as beautifully as truly said, that "the earth is a book written all over by God," and the student might with equal force and justice be applied to the study of geology, which, in its every step and every result, is more or to extract and can be learned, than that of a child from the reading of the words of its mother tongue. Geology, are humble to the spirit of religion. They are not, on the very contrary, to lead the student to step by step, into the most immediate presence of that omnipotent power, which first called existence, and by whose command for the primitive convulsions of the earth, or the mighty changes which have taken place, on the mind of its here and there, are to be traced. Nor can not be believed to be a ghost, no human nature will believe it.

LORD BYRON IN '23.

"Like mine," said he, "he do not know the least of it, as a scientist; indeed, I am glad that I do not. At present I only know that a plumbine an antiseptic, and that a compound of the two is a powerful astringent, and will stop a hemorrhage almost instantaneously. I have also a knowledge of tourniquets, and can bandage a limb with any surgeon in Europe. I am also a pretty good shot with a pistol, and can load and fire with any man in the world. I am also a tolerable swordsman, and can use the small sword with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable boxer, and can use my fists with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable horseman, and can ride any horse that can be found. I am also a tolerable swimmer, and can swim any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable pedestrian, and can walk any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable runner, and can run any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable leaper, and can leap any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable pugilist, and can fight any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable gymnast, and can perform any gymnastic exercise with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable actor, and can act any part with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable author, and can write any book with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable poet, and can write any poem with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable critic, and can criticise any work with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable musician, and can play any instrument with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable painter, and can paint any picture with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable sculptor, and can model any figure with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable architect, and can build any house with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable engineer, and can construct any machine with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable chemist, and can analyze any substance with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable mathematician, and can solve any problem with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable astronomer, and can calculate any eclipse with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable geologist, and can explain any formation with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable botanist, and can classify any plant with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable zoologist, and can dissect any animal with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable physiologist, and can explain any function with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable anatomist, and can demonstrate any part with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable theologian, and can discuss any point with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable lawyer, and can plead any case with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable physician, and can prescribe for any disease with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable surgeon, and can perform any operation with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable dentist, and can extract any tooth with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable barber, and can shave any beard with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable tailor, and can make any coat with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable shoemaker, and can make any boot with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable hatter, and can make any hat with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable glover, and can make any glove with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable hosier, and can make any stocking with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable shirt-maker, and can make any shirt with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable collar-maker, and can make any collar with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable cravat-maker, and can make any cravat with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable waistcoat-maker, and can make any waistcoat with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable trouser-maker, and can make any trousers with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable coat-maker, and can make any coat with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable boot-maker, and can make any boot with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable hat-maker, and can make any hat with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable glove-maker, and can make any glove with any man in Europe. I am also a tolerable hosier-maker